1347. m 54.

FASHION:

AN

Epiſtolary SATIRE

To a FRIEND.

Honeſtius putamus, quod frequentius; Recti apud nos locum tenet Error, ubi publicus factus.

SENECA.

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully*'s-*Head* in *Pall-mall*; and ſold by T. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter-Row*. 1742.

(Price Six-pence.)

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO A FRIEND

AN EPITHALAMY;

OR

EPISTLE

ON

MARRIAGE.

FASHION:

AN

Epiſtolary SATIRE

To a FRIEND, &c.

YES, yes, my Friend, diſguiſe it as we will,
To Right or Wrong 'tis Faſhion guides us ſtill:
A Few perhaps riſe ſingularly good,
Defy, and ſtem the Fool-o'erwhelming Flood;
The Reſt to wander from their Brethren fear,
As ſocial Herrings in large Shoals appear.

'Twas not a Taſte, but pow'rful Mode, that bad
Yon' purblind, poking Peer run Picture-mad;
With the ſame Wonder-gaping Face he ſtares
On flat, *Dutch* Dawbings, as on *Guido*'s Airs;
What might his Oak-crown'd Manors mortgag'd gain?
Alas! five faded Landſchapes of * *Loraine*.

Not ſo *Gargilius* ---- ſleek, voluptuous Lord,
A hundred Dainties ſmoak upon his Board;
Earth, Air, and Ocean's ranſack'd for a Feaſt,
In Maſquerade of foreign *Ollio*'s dreſt;
Who praiſes, in this Sauce-enamour'd Age,
Calm, healthful Temp'rance, like an *Indian* Sage:
But could he walk in Public, were it ſaid,
"*Gargilius* din'd on Beef, and eat brown Bread?"
Happy the grotto'd Hermit with his Pulſe,
Who wants no Truffles, rich Ragouts - - - nor † *Hulſe*.

How ſtrict on *Sundays* gay *Lætitia*'s Face!
How curl'd her Hair, how clean her *Bruſſels*-Lace!
She lifts her Eyes, her ſparkling Eyes to Heav'n,
Moſt Nun-like mourns, and hopes to be forgiv'n.
Think

* *Claude Loraine.* † The Phyſician.

Think not ſhe Prays, or is grown Penitent - - -
She went to Church - - - becauſe the Pariſh went.

Cloſe *Chremes*, deaf to the pale Widow's Grief,
Parts with an unſun'd Guinea for Relief;
No Meltings o'er his ruthleſs Boſom ſteal,
More than fierce *Arabs*, or proud Tyrants feel;
Yet, ſince his Neighbours give, the Churl unlocks,
Damning the Poor, his triple-bolted Box.

Why loves not *Hippia* rank Obſcenity?
Why would ſhe not with twenty Porters lie?
Why not in crouded *Malls* quite naked walk?
Not aw'd by Virtue - - - but 'The World would talk'--
Yet how demurely looks the wiſhing Maid,
For ever, but in Bed, of Man afraid!
Thus * *Hammon*'s Spring by Day feels icy-cool,
At Night is hot as Hell's ſulphureous Pool.

Each panting Warble of *Veſconti*'s Throat,
To *Dick*, is heav'nlier than a Seraph's Note;
The Trills, he ſwears, ſoft-ſtealing to his Breaſt,
Are Lullabies, to ſooth his Cares to Reſt;
Are ſweeter far, than *Laura*'s luſcious Kiſs,
Charm the whole Man, and lap his Soul in Bliſs:

* *Lucretius* Lib. 6. 848.

Who can ſuch counterfeited Raptures bear,
Of a deaf Fool who ſcarce can Thunders hear?
Crowdero might with him for *Feſtin* paſs,
And touching *Handel* yield to trifling *Haſſe*.

But Curd-fac'd *Curio* comes! all Prate, and Smile,
Supreme of Beaux, great Bulwarks of our Iſle!
Mark well his feather'd Hat, his gilt Cockade,
Rich Rings, white Hand, and Coat of ſtiff Brocade;
Such weak-wing'd May-flies, *Britain*'s Troops diſgrace,
That *Flandria* wond'ring, mourns our alter'd Race:
With him the Fair, enraptur'd with a Rattle,
Of *Vauxhall*, *Garrick*, or *Paméla* prattle:
This ſelf-pleas'd King of Emptineſs permit
At the dear Toilette harmleſsly to ſit;
As mirthful Infants, idling out the Day,
With wooden Swords, or toothleſs Puppies play:
'Tis meaner (cries the Manling) to command
A conquering Hoſt, or ſave a Sinking Land,
Than furl fair *Flavia's* Fan, or lead a Dance,
Or broach new minted FASHIONS freſh from *France*.

O *France*, whoſe Edicts govern Dreſs and Meat,
Thy Victor *Britain* bends beneath thy Feet!

Strange!

Strange! that pert Graſshoppers ſhould Lions lead,
And teach to hop, and chirp acroſs the Mead:
Of Fleets and laurel'd Chiefs let others boaſt,
Thy Honours are to bow, dance, boil and roaſt.
Let *Italy* give mimic Canvaſs Fire,
Carve Rocks to Life, or tune the lulling Lyre;
For Gold let rich *Potoſi* be renown'd,
Be balmy-breathing Gums in *India* found;
'Tis thine for Sleeves to teach the ſhantieſt Cuts,
Give empty Coxcombs more important Struts,
Preſcribe new Rules for Knots, Hoops, Manteaus, Wigs,
Shoes, Soups, Complexions, Coaches, Farces, Jiggs.

Muſcalia dreams of laſt Night's Ball 'till Ten,
Drinks Chocolate, ſtroaks *Fop*, and ſleeps again;
Perhaps at Twelve dares ope her drowſy Eyes,
Aſks *Lucy* if 'tis late enough to riſe;
By Three each Curl and Feature juſtly ſet,
She dines, talks Scandal, viſits, plays Picquette:
Meanwhile her Babes with ſome foul Nurſe remain,
For modern Dames a Mother's Cares diſdain;
Each Fortnight once ſhe bears to ſee the Brats,
"For Oh they ſtun one's Ears, like ſqualling Cats!"--

Tigers

Tigers and Pards protect, and nurſe their Young,
The Parent-Snake will rowl her forked Tongue,
The Vultur hovers vengeful o'er her Neſt,
If the rude Hand her helpleſs Brood infeſt;
Shall lovely Woman, ſofteſt Frame of Heav'n,
To whom were Tears, and feeling Pity giv'n,
Moſt faſhionably cruel, leſs regard
Her Offspring, than the Vultur, Snake, and Pard?

What art, O FASHION, Pow'r ſupreme below!
You make us Virtue, Nature, Senſe, forego;
You ſanctify Knave, Atheiſt, Whore, and Fool,
And ſhield from Juſtice, Shame, and Ridicule.
Our Grandames Modes, long abſent from our Eyes,
At your All-pow'rful Bidding duteous riſe;
As *Arethuſa* ſunk beneath the Plain
For many a League, emerging flows again;
Now * *Mary*'s *Mobs*, and Flounces you approve,
Now Shape-diſguiſing Sacks, and Slippers love:
Scarce have you choſe (like Fortune fond to joke)
Some reigning Dreſs, but you the Choice revoke:
So when the deep-tongu'd Organ's Notes ſwell high,
And loud Hoſannah's reach the diſtant Sky,
Hark,

* Mary Queen of Scot's *Mobs*, much worn by the Ladies.

Hark, how at once the dying Strains decay,
And ſoften unexpectedly away.
The Peer, Prince, Peaſant, Soldier, Squire, Divine,
Goddeſs of Change! bend low before your Shrine,
Swearing to follow, whereſoe'er you lead,
Tho' you eat Toads, or walk upon your Head.

'Tis hence *Belles* game, intrigue, ſip Citron-Drams,
And hide their lovely Locks with * *Heads of Rams*;
Hence Girls, once modeſt, without Bluſh appear,
With Legs diſplay'd, and Swan-ſoft Boſoms bare;
Hence ſtale, autumnal Dames, ſtill deckt with Laces,
Look like vile canker'd Coins in Velvet Caſes.
Aſk you, why Whores live more belov'd than Wives,
Why weeping Virtue exil'd, Flattery thrives,
Why mad for Penſions, *Britons* young and old
Adore baſe Miniſters, thoſe Calves of Gold,
Why Witling-Templers on Religion joke,
Fat, roſy Juſtices, drink, doze, and ſmoak,
Dull Critics on beſt Bards pour harmleſs Spite,
As Babes that mumble Coral, cannot bite,
Why Knaves malicious, Brother-knaves embrace,
With Hearts of Gall, but courtly-ſmiling Face,

* *Tête de Mouton*, litterally Tranſlated.

Why ſcornful *Folly* from her gawdy Coach,
At ſtarving houſeleſs, *Virtue* points Reproach,
Why *Av'rice* is the great All-worſhip'd God? ---
Methinks ſome *Dæmon* anſwers --- "'Tis the Mode!"

At this *Corruption* ſmiles with ghaſtly Grin,
Preſaging Triumphs to her Mother, *Sin*;
Who, as with baneful Wings aloft ſhe flies,
"This falling Land be mine!"---exulting cries;
Grim *Tyranny* attends her on her Way,
And frowns, and whets his Sword that thirſts to ſlay.

Look, from the frigid to the torrid Zone,
By Cuſtom All are led, by Nature None.
* The hungry *Tartar* rides upon his Meat,
To cook the dainty Fleſh with Buttock's Heat:
The *Chineſe* complaiſantly takes his Bed
With his big Wife, and is with Cawdle fed.
How would our tender *Britiſh* Beauties ſhriek,
To ſee ſlim Beaux on Bulls their Lances break!
Yet no *Lucinda*, in heroic *Spain*,
Admits a Youth, but who his Beaſt has ſlain.
See, wondrous Lands, where the fell Victor brings,
To his glad Wives, the Heads of ſlaughter'd Kings,

The

* The following Facts are taken from the Accounts of different Countries.

The mangled Heads! - O'er which they ſing and laugh,
And in dire Banquets the warm Life-blood quaff;
Where Youths their Grandſires, Age-bent, trembling, grey,
Pitying their weary Weakneſs, kindly ſlay:
Where ſainted *Brachmans*, ſick of Life, retire,
To die pontaneous on the ſpicy Pyre;
Where (ſtranger ſtill!) with their wild Dates content,
The ſimple Swains no Sighs for Gold torment.

How fondly partial are our Judgments grown,
We deem all Manners odious, but our own!

O teach me, Friend, to know wiſe *Nature*'s Rules,
And laugh, like You, at *Faſhion*'s hoodwink'd Fools;
You, who to Woods remov'd from modiſh Sin,
Deſpiſe the diſtant World's hoarſe, buſy Din;
As Shepherds from high Rocks hear far below,
Hear unconcern'd loud Torrents fiercely flow;
You, tho' mad Millions the mean Taſte upbraid,
Who ſtill love Virtue, fair, forſaken Maid;
As *Bacchus* charming *Ariadne* bore,
By All abandon'd, from the loneſome Shore.

F I N I S.

BRITISH
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